

The Dawn of the Year.  
Beside the gate of opening year,  
While looking at the prospects fair,  
I wish you every blessing, dear,  
Whose beauty haunts me everywhere;  
My heart goes out with throbs of pain—  
Breaching deep the heavens above—  
That you may every gladness gain,  
With purest peace and smile of love!

As sweet as rose that gives the June,  
As pure as heart's love, I surely know,  
And like the springtime's rhythmic tune  
The words that from your presence flow—  
All deeper than the deepest sea—  
All higher than the sky above—  
To love my darling holds for me,  
To live the kingdom of her love!

Beside the portals of the year,  
I wish you plenitude of grace,  
May all the world defend you, dear,  
And bless the beauty of your face;  
For like a song of exultation,  
Like tender tones of rising dove,  
Are you my soul's delight and pride,  
The queen of all my heart can love!

### New Year's Day in China

By Rev. Frederick Poole.

The Chinese boys and girls—especially the boys—get lots of fun out of their yearly festivals, and the littleurchins look forward to their holiday times with as much glee and happiness as does Young America to the Fourth of July, Decoration day, Washington's Birthday, Christmas and New Year's.

There is the Lantern Festival, when all turn out to witness the brilliant display, for the whole country is ablaze with the light of thousands of paper lanterns made in all sorts of fancy shapes. Then there is the Moon Festival, when they worship the moon, and the little pig-tailed boy and his chubby, small-footed sister look up and see, not a man, but a toad, in the moon; for there is a story of a beautiful Chinese lady who drank some medicine which would keep her free from death, and then went to the moon, where she was turned into a toad, and ever since the Chinese have seen a "toad in the moon."

But perhaps the chief reason why the little folks in China look forward to the Moon Festival is because they get all they want of those little moon-shaped cakes which are made only for this occasion. They are very prettily decorated, but oh! so awfully indigestible that the next day the little fellows who are suffering from stomach ache are apt to think that there was a toad in the cake instead of the moon.

The Chinese boys and girls may never have heard of George Washington and the holiday we keep in memory of the Father of his Country, but they know all about the wise and good Chinese official who lived about 450 years before our first Christmas, and who was scolded and degraded by an ungrateful emperor, so that in sorrow and disgrace he drowned himself. Well, his body was never found; and so, to keep his memory, the Chinese, once a year, ever since, have had a Dragon Boat Festival, and the children go out in swarms to see the long boat processions on the rivers, and to watch the offerings of rice and other foods as they are placed on the waters for the benefit of the spirit of the lost minister of state.

But the great day of all days for the children in China is New Year's Day. I think, if you were to ask a little Chinese boy what he meant by "New Year's," he would say: "Noise, and plenty of it." For weeks the Chinese are preparing for this great event. Houses are cleaned, and the shopkeeper looks forward to it with great satisfaction, because he knows that his customers, if they have any self-respect, will be sure to pay their debts before the new year; for it is considered a great disgrace to start the new year in debt.

The Chinese know nothing about Christmas, because, you know, that beautiful holiday belongs only to Christian countries.

By the way, boys, ask your father which comes first, Christmas or New Year's. He is sure to say "Christmas," and then you can laugh, and tell him that he is wrong.

Well, New Year's ever comes first in China, and, dear me, what a time of frolic and nervous expectancy it is for the little slant-eyed boys and girls! Lots of firecrackers are laid by in readiness, but none must be let off before the proper time.

Nobody goes to bed that night, but all sit up waiting for the first hour of the new year, when the father, and his wife and little ones, all worship before the spirit tables of their ancestors, and then at the shrine of the household gods.

Then the door is opened, and the whole family and servants go out outside and bow down to a certain part in the heavens which has been indicated in the Chinese calendar, and so worship heaven and earth, and receive the spirit of gladness and good fortune, which, they say, comes from that quarter of the heavens.

Then the noise begins, and when I was in China I often used to think that it was a good thing that the country was so big, for every one of the 400,000,000 are setting off firecrackers at the same time. This is to frighten away evil spirits, and I have thought many a time that those spirits must have a bad time of it during the dawn of the Chinese New Year. If the Chinese had been present at the time that Admiral Sampson's guns had their bad coughing spell before the hills of Santiago on a certain day in July, they would have clapped their hands, and cried: "Good, good! Just like our New Year's!"

Yet, notwithstanding the noise, I always liked the New Year's in China, for after the first day the noise stops, and

the chops are all closed for one or two weeks, for it is unlucky to do business during the birth of the new year (except at the back door—but don't say anything about this).

Then, too, we Americans could walk along the streets for once in the year feeling sure that nobody would curse us, or call us "foreign devils," for it is unlucky to use that bad word at such a happy time. Dear me, how I wish that New Year's would last 12 months!

But the first day has come, and the little Chinese children get ready to enjoy it for all it is worth. They are dressed in their best and gaudiest clothes, which are only worn on this occasion. The father has got from the pawn shop his finest silk gowns, which that obliging "relative" has taken good care of during the past 12 months, and, thus splendidly attired, the proud father and his little boys start out on a little visiting trip to his relatives and friends, to "Kung Hei, Fah Tsai,"—wish them a happy new year and many riches.

"What," you say, "don't the little girls go, too?"

No; they must stay at home, because the little girl is not so important as her brother, and, besides, she would have difficulty in walking far in her tiny "golden lily" shoes, which do not measure more than three inches in length.

But what a day it is for the little boy! He has already got his first present, when Santa Claus, that is to say, the boy's father (same thing, you see, as in this country), gave him a little string of copper cash tied on a red cord; for it is unlucky to start the New Year without any money in your pocket, and that is something both you and I agree with— isn't it?

But our little Chinese boy could never carry home all the money that is given to him, for it is the custom for every one whom he visits to give him presents of money, as well as candy and cakes. Of course, the father takes charge of this—I mean the money—and I have often wondered if his little son ever sees his money presents again. I really think that a little Chinese boy must be a good investment for his father on New Year's Day in China.

But the visiting is soon over, and then the little Chinaman is off, sometimes with his sister, to see the sights in the streets. They look at the peep shows and the Punch-and-Judy shows—which, by the way, is a Chinese invention. They spin their tops and fly their kites, until the sound of gongs and drums tells them that there is a theater or a juggling show somewhere near, and off they go, and soon are to be found in the front row, clapping their hands in childish glee at the funny antics of the performers, until the man comes round with the hat, and then there is a patter of small feet as the youngsters scurry away, for the Chinese boys have no use for the hat—like some other boys I know.

But twilight finds the tired little folks at home, for they are afraid to be out at dark; and little John Chinaman closes the lid in eating sweets, or in taking his turn at beating the unmusical gong, or in diving among the mass of red paper in the courtyard, where the fireworks were let off by his father and big brothers, which he at once puts to their proper use, until, tired out with his day's exertions, he is put to bed, and is soon sound asleep, dreaming of cakes and candy, copper cash, and Punch-and-Judy shows, and "Cr-cr-cr-crack—bang—bang—boom!"—Sunday School Times.

Thus do we start with hope, alert, inclined To rear and plunge in wild extravagance, We press upon the reins until we find An oddness in the scenes at which we glance, Then, with our high-strung fancies left behind, We stumble on across the dull expanse.—Chicago Record-Herald.

### The Old and the New Years

By Josephine C. Goodale.

THE OLD YEAR.  
The old year, struggling in death's cruel throes,  
Lies down and languishes in the darkening night,  
Reluctant soul, to take his final flight,  
Within his hand, with drops of mortal woes,  
Deified, behold the cup full well he knows  
He pressed to lips of strong men in their might,  
Who, vanquished, fell in life's relentless fight.  
In irony of fate, the weakening rose,  
His promise unfulfilled of proud career,  
To death he doomed the youth, ah, cruel fate!  
And spared the old, who longed and prayed to die.  
This is thy record, O thou dying year!  
Vain is thy suppliant cry to Heaven! Too late.  
In ashes of repentance thou must lie.

THE NEW YEAR.  
Welcome, thrice welcome, O thou blithe New Year!  
Thou comest smiling from the rosy sky,  
Thy form alight with grace and dignity;  
Within thy hand a scroll, we need not see,  
To read what shall in lines of gold appear,  
Light in thy eyes, to us a surety  
Of happier days; and so we follow thee,  
Humbly to meet the smile, bravely the tear.  
Why should we not, glad year, be born anew,  
Leaving behind the old, dead chrysalis,  
To mount, on wings of service, heights unknown?  
Yea, kindly sun the scattered gems of dew  
In casket stores, the needy earth to bless,  
Thy garnered gifts shall by our hand be strewn.  
—Christian Work.

### TIME FOR RESOLUTIONS.

They Come as a Happy Thought at the End of the Dead Year.

Oh, dear, another year gone, life slipping by, a herd of old mistakes, faults, trouping out the portals of the old, dead, used-up year into the new. It is uncomfortable. Banish them, wave them back!

With what force?

Ah, a happy thought—fresh resolutions! They stand beside one instantly—thou Aladdin's lamp of belief in yourself is a remarkable "stunt." The crisp, brand new fairies smile at the ancient, ghostly crew, nod with their shining crowns, and, soft-muttering, the ragged lot sink to the shadows of the things we try not to remember.

We do this every year, forgetting that we have told the same story time after time and that the law of consecutive justice rolls on serenely while we babble and reman ourselves.—N. O. Times-Democrat.

**Siam's Royal Family.**  
The biggest family of to-day, according to a French authority, belongs to the king of Siam. This monarch has two official wives, 80 more of a minor order, and his children numbered, a few years ago, no fewer than 72. His majesty had also brothers and sisters to the number of 50, and nearly five times as many uncles; and it said that the king boards all these in addition to his own particular family.

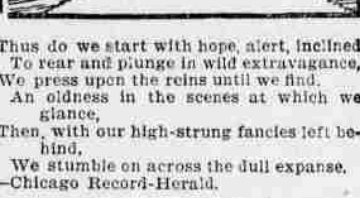
### Equine Hardships

By S. E. Kiser.

I.  
Across the dreary scene a worn-out horse is passing, with his weary head bent low; His ears droop sadly forward and with slow, unsteady steps he takes his toilsome course.  
The driver, knowing nothing of remorse, Applies the cruel scourge; beneath many a blow The old frame tumbles down, at last, and so Returns to nothing, where it had its source.

So passes the old year, with lower lip Down drooping and with ears that flap in space.  
The surly driver Time applies the whip, And finally, to close the sorry case, The poor old knees give way, the old feet slip, And all is ended at the starting place.

II.  
Behold a steed with head erect, with ears That quiver and are pricked at every sound; His limbs are trim and strong and with a bound He starts ahead the instant that he hears The starting word; he plunges and he rears And wastes his precious strength ere he has found Dull sameness in the wearing, dreary round, Before his high-bred spirit disappears.



Thus do we start with hope, alert, inclined To rear and plunge in wild extravagance, We press upon the reins until we find An oddness in the scenes at which we glance, Then, with our high-strung fancies left behind, We stumble on across the dull expanse.—Chicago Record-Herald.

### New Year Don'ts For Young Man and Maiden

By Flo Field.

**For the Young Man.**  
Don't sit around on the easy chair your father made.  
Don't gossip.  
Don't misjudge a woman by your own evil thought.  
Don't make women the subject of conversation in public places with other men. You'd fight if you heard your sister's name spoken of at a bar.  
Don't imagine that extravagantly "latest" clothes make a man of you, so often it is an ass.  
Don't forget that your friends are at home at other than meal times.  
Don't pose as a society leader on \$50 and \$60 a month.  
Don't go out every night when you have to be at the office at seven. Your employer doesn't want a befogged, half-awake intelligence.  
Don't expect to make a success in life going to dances.  
Don't spend money on society, struts when you can't afford it, and your mother and sister would appreciate a few necessities much more than a few luxuries.  
Don't affect the blasé, it's so foolish.  
Don't be a slave in society and a Turk at home.  
Don't make friends for what you can get out of them.  
Don't show disrespect to any woman, it only proves you are not a real man.  
Don't borrow.  
Don't talk to hear yourself.  
Don't fritter yourself in insincerities, puny ambitions, unwholesome mental atmospheres, flirtations, footless whirls—it didn't make a success of you last year, and it won't next.

**For the Girl.**  
Don't be unnatural.  
Don't think only of clothes and men.  
Don't think you are stunning because you exaggerate.  
Don't mistake the telling of white lies to mean social tact, it is really a reflection on your mother.  
Don't get cynical because you're not popular.  
Don't imagine you are allowed special dispensation in bad manners because you are.  
Don't stare felly at the unknown girl. Be kind. Help her along. Introduce the men to her. Otherwise, it shows lack of sweetness in your character, lack of heart, an abundance of selfishness, and the fact that you yourself aren't quite sure, after all.  
Don't repeat unkind things; it isn't womanly.  
Don't tack your ambitions, your hopes, to something whose entire prowess is exhibited at a cotillon.  
Don't allow a man or a woman to speak evil of another woman in your presence.  
Don't encourage a man unless you mean it. He may have given his faith to your merces.  
Don't affect anything that is not an expression of yourself. It will marry you to the wrong beliefs, the wrong views, the wrong dreams, the wrong emotions, and the wrong man. If it didn't last year it will influence you to a wrong conception of your place and purpose, during the next.—N. O. Times-Democrat.

**Explicit Directions.**  
Small Boy—Do you see that big drum in the window?  
Storekeeper—Yes, my lad.  
Small Boy—Well, you keep it under the counter for a few days. Can't a Claus will be around here to get it for me.—Puck.

**Women Warriors.**  
When we read that there are 13 women colonels in the Prussian army we can understand why the world views with such horror any possibility of German getting mixed up in a war.—Indianapolis News.

**A Comprehensive Ideal.**  
"Contentment is better than riches," said the philosopher.  
"Yes," answered Mr. Dustin Stax, complacently. "But I don't see any objection to having both."—Washington Star.



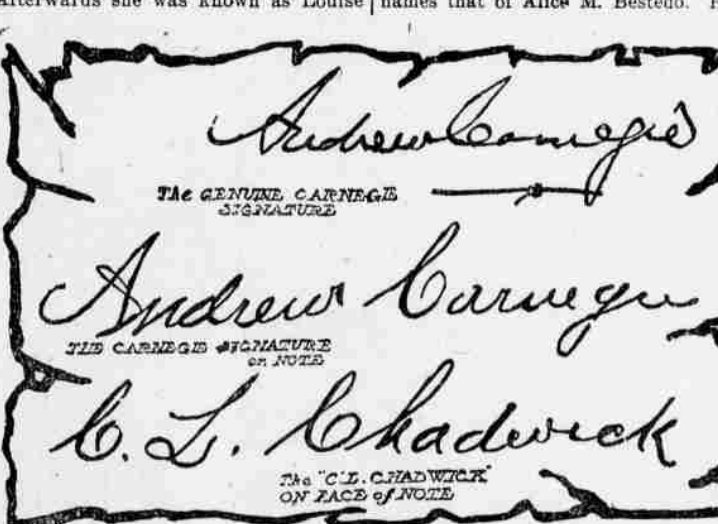
MRS. CASSIE L. CHADWICK.

### CAREER OF MRS. CHADWICK

Incidents in Early Life of the Famous Woman

In the history of "frenzied finance" in this country, and in the entire world for that matter, no case the equal of that of Mrs. Chadwick has ever been known. Recent disclosures have startled financiers and business men everywhere. How this woman, apparently alone, outwitted shrewd bankers and hard-headed business men, and borrowed fortunes on mythical securities and bogus notes seems almost beyond comprehension, but it seems only too true.

Until the suit of Herbert D. Newton, of Brookline, Mass., for the recovery of a loan of \$100,000, and the failure of the Overlin (O.) national bank, few of her victims suspected she was anything but what she represented herself to be, an extremely wealthy woman. Then as the news of her several transactions became public the history of her life gradually became known, and a most strange and interesting story it is. It is said she began life on a little Canadian farm in Ontario, as Elizabeth Bigley, in 1857. Afterwards she was known as Louise



ALLEGED AND BONA FIDE CARNEGIE SIGNATURES.

Bigley, then as Mrs. C. L. Hoover, Lizzie Hoover, Mary Hoover, Mme. Rosa, Mme. Devere, Mrs. Wallace S. Springsteen, Mrs. J. R. Scott, Lydia Scott, Lydia Clingan, and last of all Mrs. Leroy D. Chadwick.

**Begins Strange Career.**  
She was one of eight children, six of whom were girls. Those who knew her father say he was a plain, honest man, who worked industriously and supported his family to the best of his ability. There is no record of eccentricity in the girlhood years of Elizabeth Bigley. In 1878, however, she seemed to have begun the strange career of adventure which she has followed ever since. It is recorded that on November 21, 1878, Elizabeth Bigley called at a barber shop in Brantford, Ont., and asked to have her hair, which was hanging over her shoulders, cut off. This having been done, she asked for a false mustache. When at length she sought to raise money on a gold watch the police were called in. Her father was communicated with and she was taken home. Her peculiarities were soon made more manifest. It became known that she was in the habit of carrying a card on which were the words: "Miss Bigley, heiress to \$15,000." To support this role she made many expensive purchases. She bought \$250 worth of dry goods with a note endorsed by a wealthy farmer near Brantford. She also purchased

was seized with what seemed to be a hemorrhage of the lungs—a clever counterfeit, however—but she succeeded in eliciting the sympathy of a number of people. She explained that she was a wealthy woman returning to her home in Cleveland, had become unexpectedly embarrassed, and was successful in obtaining a number of small loans. When the Erie people wrote for the return of the money they received a queerly written note that the woman who had imposed upon them was dead. In 1885 Elizabeth Bigley appeared again in Cleveland, under the name of Mme. La Rose. She had a sign in her window advertising herself as a clairvoyant. Again she disappeared and it was learned she had married a farmer named J. R. Scott in Trumbull county. She was divorced from Scott in a few months and Scott was minus his farm. In 1886 she returned to Cleveland a third time. It was in this year that the boy now with Mrs. Chadwick and known as Emil Hoover was born.

**Her Career in Toledo.**  
There is a break of two years in the history, during which the woman left Cleveland. In 1890 she turned up at Toledo as Mme. Devere. At Toledo her career was as dramatic as it was spectacular. Fifteen years ago she was a familiar figure. She could be seen in the finest of carriages driving about the city, and her entertainments were known as elaborate, the cost of flowers alone being high. Her past history was kept secret, yet by degrees it developed that she was born in Woodstock, Can., and was the daughter of Mrs. Mary Ann Bigley. She began to secure large sums of money from various men. It is asserted that a prominent doctor gave up all and was completely under her control. He is to-day a physical wreck. A bank president, since dead, was deceived, and how much he loaned her will never be learned. Two express officials and a grain merchant are said to have been caught for large sums. One of the stories told by Mme. Devere in Toledo was that of her marriage to a wealthy gentleman near Manchester, England, who was killed shortly after in a runaway, and from whose estate she received an annual income of \$1,000.

**Spends Money Lavishly.**  
For years Mrs. Dr. Leroy S. Chadwick's lavish expenditure of money has been the subject of comment in Cleveland. There is not a store in Cleveland of any prominence with which Mrs. Chadwick has not had dealings. At some of them she has spent thousands and thousands of dollars, and has paid spot cash. She tried no trickery with them when she wanted anything. No person with millions at his command ever bought with a more lavish hand than did Mrs. Chadwick, and when she bought she had the money to pay for it. She juggled with no securities, genuine or otherwise, when she made her purchases in the Cleveland stores. The cash with which she paid probably came to her through her ability to make banks and bankers think she was a person to whom a loan, no matter how large, would be a good business investment, but when she dealt with the grocer, the butcher, the jeweler, or the house furnisher she paid him in good coin of the realm, and paid him in enormous sums. There is not a store in town that has not its story to tell.

**Buys Gems by the Tray.**  
Most persons when they invest in diamonds buy them singly, or in ones or twos at the most; not so Mrs. Chadwick. One of her favorite pastimes was to walk into a store and ask to see diamond rings. It might be that the clerk would place before her one or more trays of the baubles. "These look nice," she would say, indicating with her finger an entire row of gems. "I think you may give me those." And so

she would leave the store, carrying in her muff enough jewels to pay a year's rent of a Fifth avenue mansion. Mrs. Chadwick was one of its customers at a piano store. One of her small orders one day took the form of eight grand pianos, sent to as many as eight different friends of hers, as a slight token of her esteem and regard. This bill was settled in cash.

**Takes Twelve Girls to Europe.**  
There is a firm of jewelers in Cleveland who do a business that would make them rank with Tiffany, of New York. They are not giving to telling what they do for their customers, but here is a story of Mrs. Chadwick's prodigality that is known to almost every clerk in the store. Some time ago she took 12 young society girls on a trip to Europe. Just what happened



MME. DEVERE.

on this trip nobody but those who took part in it knows, and for obvious reasons just now they are not telling. What pranks were indulged in and to what fantastic limits this money mad woman went in order to shower luxury upon the young girls only they themselves know. This much, however, became known when they returned to Cleveland. Mrs. Chadwick went into the private office of the head of the big jewelry firm and displayed 12 exquisite miniatures painted on porcelain by one of the greatest Parisian artists and had them framed in solid gold.

**Buys Store Full of Toys.**  
Just before Christmas several years ago, Mrs. Chadwick walked into a Cleveland toy store and pulled out a written list that, according to the store officials, was two yards long. Nothing but toys was on the list, and when Mrs. Chadwick had finished buying, her bill was in the neighborhood of \$800. Dolls galore were bought, Mrs. Chadwick saying that she wanted something like 100, the price to range from one to three dollars each. Personally she made no selections, leaving that to the clerks who waited on her, but when the bill was presented it was paid at once. The toys were distributed among the orphan asylums and the different children's wards in the hospitals and many a heart was gladdened that Christmas by the benevolence of the unknown person, as Mrs. Chadwick expressly stipulated in buying the goods that the recipients must not know where they came from.

Such, it is said, is a brief history of the mysterious woman whose audacity has staggered the whole financial world. The suit filed by Mr. Newton has led to the unfolding of the mystery, and but for it she might still be continuing her operations.



DR. LEROY S. CHADWICK.

**Royal Hunters.**  
Nearly all the crowned heads of Europe stand to be great hunters. Notwithstanding his age, the Austrian emperor still loves the chase, and King Edward is as fond of it as Kaiser Wilhelm. The king of Portugal is so good a marksman that he has been called a modern William Tell. The king of Italy spends much time hunting, and the queen is said to be an even better shot with the revolver than her spouse. She grew up in a wild, mountainous region, and still loves to roam the forests, gun in hand.

**Left to Its Fate.**  
During the Franco-Prussian war a well known journalist called on the minister of war and asked him, in return for services rendered by his newspaper, for a revelation of his plans. The minister, of course, refused this "insane" request, as he called it, whereupon the journalist got up, white with rage, and said: "Very well, Mr. Minister, then you may carry on your war by yourself; my journal will take no further notice of it."—Gu Biaz.

**Largest Apple.**  
The largest apple shown in the St. Louis exposition was sent by W. I. R. Howard, of Jamestown, Ark. The apple measures 16 1/2 inches in circumference, and weighed 29 ounces. Variety not named.—Midland Farmer.

**Setting Grape Vines.**  
When grape vines are being set out the holes should be dug deep enough and large enough to permit of the roots being placed and covered without bending.

**First-Class Whitewash.**  
To make a first-class whitewash slake in boiling water one-half bushel lime, keeping covered during the process. Strain, remove sediment and add one peck salt, dissolve in water, three pounds ground rice boiled to a thin paste, one-half pound powdered Spanish whiting and one pound clear glue, dissolved in warm water. Mix thoroughly and let stand several days. Apply this when warm. To make different quantities use ingredients in same proportion.